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The Knight  
of  
Cehenthol.

R. J. McHugh.

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# THE KNIGHT OF ACHENTHAL

AND

OTHER RIMES.

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✓  
R. J. McHUGH.  
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"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print ;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.  
—Byron.

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## THE KNIGHT OF ACHENTHAL.

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## The Knight of Achenthal.

*A Legend of the Holy Rosary.*

The early sun-beams thinly fall  
Upon the woods of Achenthal,  
Which still lie buried 'neath a pall  
Of gray September fog;  
As dark Sir Otto,—dark indeed,  
In face and heart, unlike his breed,—  
Toys with the trappings of his steed  
And whistles to his dog.

Sir Otto bears an honored name,  
But foul as stagnant pool his fame,  
And many a ruthless deed of shame  
Has made him loathed and feared;  
His blight is over all the land,  
His serfs are ruled with iron hand,  
His soul, as with a blazing brand,  
With sin is burned and seared.

To-day Sir Otto hunts the boar —  
His choicest sport—but at his door  
A moment stands and lingers o'er  
His palfrey, as though loth  
To plunge into the stillness 'round,  
So calm and holy and profound,  
And now he whistles to his hound  
And now he breathes an oath,

The while he waits a-through the glade,  
In simple, peasant garb arrayed,  
There comes a fair and modest maid,  
Eyes cast upon the sod ;  
Eyes pure as dew that gems the grass,  
And, as she comes from early Mass,  
One seems to feel about the lass  
The benison of God.

And as she comes her fingers tell  
The beads her young heart loves so well ;  
A chaplet from Mariazell,  
Our blessed Lady's shrine ;  
For wheresoe'er the maiden goes—  
Thro' woods where first the violet blows,  
Or higher where unshaken snows  
Forever brightly shine ;

Through harvest field or meadow-land,  
Alone or with a merry band  
Of young companions, in her hand  
Her well-loved beads she keeps ;  
No miser ever loved his gold  
As she that chaplet, worn and old ;  
About it e'en her fingers fold  
At night when calm she sleeps.

"Thou!"—harshly thus Sir Otto cries.  
The maiden's deep and dark-fringed eyes  
Look quickly up in mild surprise,  
Her lips still move in prayer.  
"Brat of a beggar! Dost thou hear ?  
Death o' my life! Come up,—draw near !  
What mutterest thou? What dost thou fear ?  
And, ha! what hast thou there?"

With sullen brow and angry stride  
He soon is at the maiden's side ;  
The beads she vainly tries to hide

He snatches in his heat.

"Now get thee to the kitchen ; jog !  
This trumpery shall deck my dog !"  
The maiden hears, and like a log  
Falls senseless at his feet.

"Come hither, Glueck !" He calls his hound.  
The dog comes up with many a bound,  
And Otto twines around, around  
His neck the sacred chain ;  
In fiendish glee he dares to deck  
With holy beads the poor brute's neck,—  
So little does his proud heart reck  
Aught for a deed profane.

Now to the chase ! Away, away !  
Sir Otto mounts his champing bay,  
And soon the forest old and gray  
Re-echoes to his cries.  
The morn is fair, the sport is keen,  
And ne'er before has Otto seen  
And slain, in all his wild demesne,  
So many a noble prize.

And oft he swore by God's own book,  
Whilst all his frame with laughter shook,  
That Mary's beads brought all the luck  
That followed fast the chase.  
And, "Certes," said he, "every day  
Henceforth must Glueck an *Ave* pray !"  
And then he trolled a ribald lay,  
As one devoid of grace.

But noon draws on apace ; the heat  
Within the forest's wild retreat  
Is fiercely felt, and sunbeams beat  
Through vistas overhead.  
Beneath the sultry hush of noon  
All nature lies as in a swoon ;  
The song of birds, the crickets' croon  
Alike are silenced.

Tired out with sport, with heat oppressed,  
The Knight throws off his hunting-vest,  
Ties up his horse, and seeks to rest  
Beneath a spreading tree ;  
But, like a man by serpent stung,  
He starts—leaps up—his features wrung  
With sudden pain, and from his tongue  
Roll shrieks of agony.

His breath comes hard, with labored gasp ;  
His lips are blanched, his fingers clasp  
His throat with wild convulsive grasp ;  
His hair stands up like reeds ;  
And see, around his neck,—oh, see !  
The flesh is rising curiously,  
And forms (ah, fate of blasphemy !)  
A chain of horrid beads !

That night they found Sir Otto's corse,  
All cold and stark beside his horse ;  
They buried him without remorse,  
Nor dropped a pitying tear.  
He reaped as he had sowed ; the tree  
Lay where it fell.

—O Mary, be  
Our comfort in the agony  
That tells us death is near !

## Mysteries.

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Hamlet.*

I saw a rose-tree in its noon of pride,  
Rich in the love of June ; its fragrance fell,  
Like a sweet benison, on every side,  
And many a heart uplifted by its spell.

It perished prematurely : from the west  
There came a flaw that mocked its radiant power ;  
And all the beauty wherein nature dressed  
This bride of June, was lost within an hour.

I saw a meteor flash along the sky ;  
It flamed one splendid moment and was gone ;  
It startled all beholders, and a cry  
Of mingled joy and wonder, thereupon,

Rose from a thousand tongues. And when it fell  
Down into nothingness, to rise no more,  
The night grew darker on the hill and dell,  
And all the stars shone paler than before.

I heard a bird sing to the young-eyed morn,  
Its melody with angels' well might vie ;  
Hope in my heart rose at the song new-born,  
And fairer to me seemed both earth and sky.

But even as I listened, a great hush  
O'er field and forest, like a mantle, spread :  
Lo ! at my feet all silent lay the thrush,  
Its little limbs a-quivering,—it was dead.

I knew a youth—But why the strain prolong?

    All earth is filled with mysteries of woe;  
And only He, who hushed the warbler's song,  
    Can light and balm from His great love bestow.

Thou, who didst hurl the meteor afar!

    Thou, who didst send the flaw from out the west!  
How wondrous strange to man thy rulings are,  
    Albeit He knows thy will is always best!

## Compensation.

World, world, O world !  
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
Life would not yield to age.—*King Lear*.

'Tis well for us—poor wanderers that we are !  
Sojourners in a vale of toil and woe !—  
That sometimes clouds our skies' soft beauty mar,  
And weeds creep in where fairest flowers blow.

'Tis well for us that sorrow sometimes fills  
Our hearts with grief, our eyes with bitter tears ;  
That sour distrust the fondest friendship chills,  
And in our path her crest green envy rears.'

'Tis well when fortune from our dwelling flies,  
To leave us, for a while, to dark despair ;  
'Tis well when Hope—sweet Hope!—untimely dies  
And leaves us helpless in the bonds of care.

Else were this world too sweet for mortal man—  
Too great the pang to yield the vital breath :  
But, as it is, complacently we scan  
The coming years and hail the approach of death.

## A Royal Estate.

"Laetus in praesens animus, quod ultra est  
Oderit curare, et amara lento  
Temperet risu."—*Horace.*

Resting, in the calm of even,  
In my old, accustomed spot,  
Let me lift mine eyes to Heaven  
And reflect upon my lot.

See yon glorious orb declining,  
Panoplied in armor bright,  
For my comfort he is shining,  
He was made for my delight.

See yon lake of azure splendor,  
Girt by hills of amethyst,  
Bearing on her bosom tender  
Islets veiled in golden mist.

Hear the sweet-voiced robin singing  
From his covert in the glade ;  
Hear the children's laughter ringing  
For my pleasure all were made.

All the pride of lake and mountains,  
All the glories of the sky,—  
Birds and flowers and trees and fountains  
Mine are. Who so rich as I ?



## My Books.

Me, poor man ! My library  
Was dukedom large enough.—*Tempest.*

I ne'er did covet fame or pelf :  
My wealth lies all on yonder shelf ;  
In those few volumes you behold  
Is what to me is more than gold :  
And though they are but poor, indeed,  
No more I ask—no more I need.

There, ready for my every mood  
Lie old companions : drink and food  
Are also there, for heart and brain,  
And mirth to physic every pain.

The noblest Knights—so strong and mild—  
The fairest dames that ever smiled,  
The drollest clowns that ever chaffed,  
The merriest girls that ever laughed,  
Come down and cluster round my board  
To entertain me, at a word.

For me will Shakespeare fill the stage  
With men of every clime and age ;  
For me will Horace sweep the lyre,  
And Homer tell of battles dire ;  
For me sweet songs sing Moore and Burns,  
And grandly-selfish Byron mourns.

The darkest hours will quickly fly,  
Charmed by the tales of Ingoldsby ;  
Some naughty hours I also pass  
With that sad profligate, Gil Blas ;  
And oh ! what hours of pure delight  
I spend with old La Mancha's Knight !  
But should I seek an hour apart,  
To hold communion with my heart,  
To contemplate and study Self—  
I take a'Kempis from the shelf.

Then, O ye misers ! hug your gold !  
Ye cannot buy my wealth untold.  
O idle teachers, hold your tongues !  
Ye weary me, and hurt your lungs.  
O vain place-seekers, slander, slay,  
Do what you will : but, oh ! I pray,  
Leave me in peace. Your sweat and mire  
I neither envy nor desire.

## The Chalice of Circe.

“O thou invisible spirit of wine,  
If thou hast no name to be known by,  
Let us call thee—devil!—*Othello*”

In Circe's hall a dainty feast is spread ;  
Sweet music breathes thro' all the marble pile ;  
A myriad perfumed lights soft lustre shed  
O'er many a roseate bower and long-drawn aisle.  
Lascivious, loose-robed girls, with beck and smile,  
To banquet summon all who pass the gate :—  
But woe to him who heeds their tempting wile !  
Nor prayers nor tears nor love nor high estate,  
Nor friends nor child nor wife can save him from his  
fate.

For there sits Circe, as a goddess fair,  
Surrounded by her nymphs—a wanton band—  
The morning sunbeams shimmer in her hair,  
Her blue eyes gleam like stars in summer land ;  
The opening rose-bud, kissed by zephyrs bland,  
May claim not half the sweetness of her lips :  
A girdle clasps her waist, and in her hand  
She holds the chalice that once mortal sips  
Sheds ashes o'er his heart, and o'er his soul eclipse.

By magic spells and incantations wild  
Unto the cup is given a wondrous charm :  
'Tis said, twill turn the parent 'gainst the child,  
And 'gainst the mother rear the offspring's arm.  
Not e'en the loving wife is safe from harm  
If once the husband drink of Circe's bowl ;  
Nor yet hath fever's fire nor war's alarm  
Brought to our little earth such nameless dole,  
Or hurled to horrid hell so many a hapless soul,

It taints the springs of Genius, and it breaks  
The golden bond which friend to friend unites ;  
It fills the bones of youth with age's aches  
And robs gray hairs of honor : it delights  
In broken hearts and hearth stones ; sleepless nights  
And frenzied days are all its victims know ;  
The revel o'er and dead the countless lights,  
The morn comes down on sable wings of woe  
And weeps to find how man may fall the brute below.

It fills the heart with rancor, dulls the mind,  
Sows seeds of sin in Virtue's snowy breast :  
The holiest vows it scatters to the wind,  
The holiest things it treats with scorn and jest.  
It nerves the arm to strike the friend loved best,  
And whets the assassin's steel. From pole to pole  
Deserted homes and broken hearts attest  
The baneful charm of Circe's maddening bowl,  
And every drunkard's grave marks her poor victim's  
goal.

Yet ever and forever and for aye  
Sits ruthless Circe, plotting in her palace ;  
And ever and forever, night and day,  
Rush men to sip the poison of her chalice.  
Dull sighted fools, are then your hearts so callous,  
Your souls so dead to heavenly Virtue's spell,  
As not to see each drop is mixed with malice,  
Lust, rapine, murder,—crimes that breathe of hell !  
Rise in your manhood's pride, and spurn the Enchan-  
tress fell.

## A Poet's Prayer.

I do not want the earth, I only crave  
    A simple grave,  
A little mound, just sloping to the west,  
    Where I might rest  
And feel the warmth and glow of setting sun  
    When day was done.  
But I would have thro' life, unto the end,  
    A trusty friend ;  
One for whose life I could lay down mine own  
    Withouten moan :  
Nay, think it sweet that I could take his place  
    In such a case.  
The carking cares of gold, ambition's prize,  
    Let me despise.  
May crime-compelling want however flee  
    My companie.  
A dollar for myself and one to spend  
    Upon a friend,—  
Ah ! this, indeed, would make my life for aye  
    A summer-day !

## To a Rose.

Fragrant wonder! lovely rose!  
Music turned to bloom!  
In thy petals I can see  
Life with all its mystery,  
Death with all its gloom.  
To mine eyes thy leaves disclose  
All the worthlessness of earth,  
All the brevity of mirth  
And my final doom.  
Joy's poor triumph, sorrow's throes  
All are in thee, lovely rose.

Crimson song! O lovely rose!  
Witchery of June!  
Sweetly singest thou to me  
Hopes of immortality  
When life's work is done.  
From thy sleep beneath the snows,  
With an all-surpassing might  
Didst thou spring to life and light  
At the robin's tune,  
Earthly shadows, heavenly glows.  
All are in thee, lovely rose.

## Contentment.

When fields are bleak and skies are dun,  
And winds are moaning in their sadness,  
Some spot, I know, lies i' the sun  
All life and gladness.

When dark clouds float athwart the moon  
And sullen rains come pouring after,  
'Tis somewhere, I am sure, high noon—  
All life and laughter.

When trees grow rigid with the rime  
And chilling gusts of gray November,  
Somewhere the flowers are in their prime,  
I then remember.

So let us learn to bear our woe ;  
The morn will always follow even ;  
And, though our lot's to toil below,  
There's rest in Heaven.

## Manning.

The simple-souled, brave-hearted, peerless-brained,  
The pure, the good, the generous, the just,  
The Knight whose lance was ever held in trust  
To put down wrong, however well maintained,—  
Whose shield no deed unworthy ever stained,  
Whose strong hand lifted thousands out the dust  
To manhood's lofty throne,—nor time can rust  
Nor envy dim the glory he has gained.

No coward he, no sycophant: he knew  
That right was right and wrong was wrong, howe'er,  
Smooth-speaking sophists God's great statutes read;  
In manhood's cause a flaming sword he drew  
And boldly in the combat kept in bare  
Till, vanquished by his years, himself fell dead.



## The Alps of Innsbruck.

O fearless sentries ! tall and ermine-capped,  
How proudly stand ye, glittering in the sun,  
With snowy mantles round you snugly wrapped,  
That fingers of a thousand years have spun.  
Race after race its petty course hath run  
Within your shade and, mist-like, passed away ;  
Monarchs and serfs have perished one by one ;  
But ye, who stood on Adam's natal day,  
Still stand with haughty front, all smiling at decay.

With brow serene, ye watched Barbarian hordes  
The tranquil valleys dye with kindred blood ;  
Ye caught the gleam of Cæsar's conquering swords  
And grazed the steeds of Rome's imperial stud ;  
Along your slopes the peace affrighting thud  
Of thundering chariots spake of horrid war ;  
But ye, whose crest Jehovah's wasting flood  
Did scarce surmount, smiled grimly from afar  
When fell the warrior bold, and falling cursed his  
star.

The shock of war, the earthquake's renting powers  
And lightning's flash have strove with you in vain ;  
The wrath of ages, or the rage of hours—  
It mattered not, unaltered ye remain,  
Spurning the elements with proud disdain.  
Like Jacob's ladder, do I see you rise,  
Until my eyeballs swim and reels my brain,  
E'en Fancy's self with fear to scale you tries,  
Whose foot bears down the earth, whose crest o'er-  
tops the skies.

But say, old peaks, did not your pulses thrill  
With nameless joy that baffled your command  
When Hofer on the Isel's wooded hill  
His scanty forces dressed, and from the land  
The base Bavarian hurled with conquering hand?  
Did ye not tremble a-through every inch  
With ecstasy profound, when rose the grand  
Old Tyrolean war cry from the trench  
And patriots, eager-eyed, pursued the routed French.  
But now War's horrid reign is happily o'er  
And heaven-born Peace smiles plenty o'er the p'ain,  
The musket's rattle and the canon's roar,  
The trembling mother's ear no more assail;  
The victor's shout, the wounded's anguished wail  
Alike are hushed; and from the grateful soul  
The song of joy and mirth-provoking tale  
Are heard at eve around the wassail-bowl;—  
God keep you thus for aye, O mountains of Tyrol!

## The Epiphany.

O radiant Star, far-flashing, splendid,  
    Flame thro' the skies ;  
O favored earth, thy gloomy vigil ended,  
    With joy arise ;  
O happy kings, on reverent knees low-bended,  
    Your God here lies !

The kings their treasures with gladness unfold :  
Frankincense, myrrh, and pure virgin gold ;  
Incense for God and gold for the King,  
Myrrh for the God made Man they bring ;  
Gold for wisdom, incense for prayer,  
Myrrh for the sorrow the Child must bear :  
This is the sense of the offerings  
Brought to the Babe by the Eastern Kings.

Ah, wretched me ! What gifts have I to offer  
    My infant King ?  
I have nor incense rare nor gold in offer,  
    Nor anything ;  
I have but bitter myrrh,—a heart to suffer ;  
    Lord, this I bring !

*Fiat Voluntas Tua.*

Thy will be done!—Tho' unto me it seemeth  
Hard, hard to bear,—  
Thou knowest best; and my dull heart still deemeth  
All foul things fair.

Thy will be done! And be it joy or sorrow,  
Or cloud or sun,  
That breaks upon our little life to-morrow,—  
Thy will be done!

## Ash Wednesday.

“Remember, man, that thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return.”

Aye, 'tis the doom of all!—  
Monarch and lowly thrall,  
Gravest in Wisdom's hall,  
    Earth's youngest born;  
Fairest of Beauty's throng,  
Boldest the brave among,  
Into dust, whence they sprung,  
    All shall return.

Wealth cannot buy release,  
Wisdom must hold his peace,  
Sceptres and signets cease  
    Potent to be;  
Sword, shield and coat-of-mail,  
No longer aught avail;  
Love, pride and glory quail  
    At this decree.

But—wondrous mystery!—  
Man does not, nathless die;  
For when our bodies lie  
    Under the sod;  
Somewhere, give heed my heart,  
Lives out immortal part,  
Cursed with eternal smart,  
    Or blessed with God.

Shall we, then, vainly toil,  
Sweat, groan, and delve and moil,  
Staining our souls with soil,—

Earth's wretched slave;  
While ne'er a wish we sow—  
O how can God bestow  
Gifts that the angels know!—  
Beyond the grave?

## Our Lady of the Pines.

[Here and there in the wild mountain-passes of the Tyrol and Bavaria, the tourist meets with rude pictures of the Virgin-Mother securely fixed in the hollow of some old pine. The representation, on this account, is known as "Our Lady of the Pines," and many a time it serves to cheer the heart of the Catholic traveler—mayhap of the Protestant, too, for that matter—when a too-adventurous ascent leaves him exposed to the dangers which, not unfrequently, attend such exploits.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.]

The pass is narrow, wild and steep,  
Our footing treacherous through snow;  
But one false step—Our grave yawns deep  
A thousand feet below.

Our limbs are stiff, our brains afire;  
Things swim before our aching sight;  
Within us wakes the mad desire  
To slumber on the height.

But cheerily our guide: "Fear not;  
Benignant Hope still o'er us shines;  
For see, where guards this lonely spot  
Our Lady of the Pines!"

We look and, lo! within a cleft  
Of yonder pine (Hail, full of grace!)  
Some pious hand has kindly left  
Our Blessed Lady's face.

New courage thrills; all fear is past;  
(Who e'er in vain to Mary prayed?)  
We grasp our Alpen-stocks—at last  
The pass is safely made.

O Lady ! many a pass since then,  
By dangers deadlier far beset,  
And ways that chill the hearts of men,  
My wandering feet have met ;

And many a pass they still must brave  
Ere my brief day of life declines ;  
Then show Thy power—Thy servant save,  
Dear Lady of the Pines !



### Sonnet to Our Lady.

To him who climbs alone some Alpine height,  
Where all seems dead and drear, how sweetly blows  
In modest beauty, 'mid eternal snows,  
The Edelweis—the star-flower—pure and white ;  
In simple splendor breaking on the sight,  
Soul-strengthening for farther toil it glows,  
Bespeaking refuge, comfort and repose  
Ere earth lies palled beneath the gloom of night !

Thus, Mother dear, —Christ's Mother dear and ours—  
When dark becomes our lonely path and wild,  
We look to Thee, all-beaming from above ;  
Oh! sweeter, fairer, than all stars and flowers,  
Thou wilt not leave forsaken the wandering child,  
But guide him safe to God's great Home of Love !

### After the Consecration.

My Lord and God, that Thou art now before me,  
In Thy two natures—human and divine—  
Though still remain the forms of bread and wine,  
Oh ! I believe, and humbly do adore Thee !  
The shepherds, on that night when Mary bore Thee,  
Had but an angel's word Thou wert the Christ,  
And for their faith that single word sufficed,  
They raised no doubts but reverently bent o'er Thee.  
They worshipped, Lord, a Babe, new-born and tender ;  
I kneel before the mystic Bread and Wine ;  
They had an angel's word in lieu of power and  
splendor,—  
My Jesus, I have Thine !

At Benediction.

A myriad of tapers burn and blaze,  
          (Lord, I adore!)  
The air is thick with fragrant haze,  
          (Lord, I adore!)  
Lost in a deep, unwonted maze  
Of wonder and of love I gaze;  
While rolls the organ's tide of praise,  
          (Lord, I adore!)

Prefigured, promised, and foretold  
 (Lord, I adore!)  
 By signs and symbols manifold  
 (Lord, I adore!)  
 By bread the prophet ate of old,  
 By manna rained upon the wold;  
 Now, throned in Thy house of gold,  
 (Lord, I adore!)

What though before these eyes of mine  
 (Lord, I adore!)  
 No form of majesty doth shine,  
 Still I adore!  
 For Crib and Cross must I resign  
 Should Faith to erring sense incline;  
 Humility is *still* Thy Shrine,  
 And I adore!

The very thought, my God, that awes  
(Lord, I adore !)  
Is Thy immunity from laws,  
(Lord, I adore !)  
Shall space and that strange power that draws  
All things to earth bind Thee, because  
Dull matter must admit these flaws ?  
(Lord, I adore !)

Still sinks and swells that grand old hymn,\*  
 (Lord, I adore!)  
 Thro' perfumed clouds the lights show dim,  
 (Lord, I adore!)  
 From yon horizon's western rim  
 With tender tints the sunbeams linn  
 The windows' saints and seraphim,  
 (Lord, I adore!)

The priest takes down the Sacred Host,  
(Lord, I adore!)  
I feel Thee—see Thee, Lord, almost,  
And I adore!  
My heart no longer tempest-tossed,  
Deep in a sea of bliss is lost,—  
O could I now yield up the ghost,  
Aye to adore!

\* Tantum Ergo.

*Lines,*

ON RECEIVING A LEAF FROM FATHER DAMIEN'S GRAVE.

A simple, scentless, faded leaf,  
Sent hither from a far-off shore—  
A wilted leaf, and nothing more ;  
Yet how it speaks, in joy and grief,

Of patient toil and sacrifice,  
Fit for the old, heroic time  
When man, through faith and love sublime,  
Drew earth more near to Paradise !

What fancies of a summer sky,  
What dreams of sun-empurpled seas  
It summons up, and, wrapt in these,  
What visions of dread Molokai !

For it is from the grave of him  
Whose life lay in the leper-land,  
Who took the out-cast by the hand,  
And spread God's light where all was dim

And drear as Hell's eternal night  
With horrors few can ever know ;  
Where Leprosy, "as white as snow,"  
Had fallen in all its utter blight.

O sacred Leaf! be thou to me  
A silent monitor for aye,  
That I may grow, from day to day,  
More worthy of my ministry ;

That when my burthens seem to press  
More heavily than I can bear,  
Thy charm shall banish all despair,  
And conjure courage from distress.

## The Church of Rome.

(A FRAGMENT.)

O Church of Rome! Democracy sublime!  
Founded by that same Architect Who drew  
Creation's plans, before the birth of Time,  
And out of Chaos built an order new;  
Republic of republics! who shall climb  
To thy high places? Search the ages through,  
Unfold the records, and the answer, see!—  
Virtue and merit must their earnest be!

Before thy doors poor Wealth all helpless stands,  
—Thy favors are not bought with gaudy gold—  
Upon thy portals Power beats his hands,  
But not for Power the massive gates unfold;  
Ambition, all-athirst for other lands  
To conquer, like the Eastern King of old,  
Here sees her laurels fade: Worth comes and, lo!  
The gates spontaneous ope; true Worth they know.

## Life's Rosary.

Hoping and toiling and grieving,  
Midway 'twixt laughter and tears,  
Day after day we are weaving  
A wearisome chaplet of years.

Day after day, and the morrow  
Seems so uncertain and far,  
Whilst decades of joy or of sorrow  
Embellish our labor or mar.

Decades of joy, when we labor,  
With hearts that are trustful and brave,  
Our Savior to honor, our neighbor  
To cherish and comfort and save;

Decades of sorrow, when zealous  
Of honors or power or pelf,  
With hearts that are narrow and jealous,  
We labor untiring for self.

So with each day's little history  
We add to our garland of years  
A joyful or sorrowful Mystery,—  
A decade of smiles or of tears.

God grant that when life with its story  
Of evil and good deeds is o'er  
We may join in the decades of Glory,  
With the angels and saints evermore.



## The Parting.

My boat is moored a-near the silent shore,  
Night's mantle floats athwart the western sky  
And that "grim ferryman" stands patient by  
To guide my soul Death's darksome waters o'er ;  
A little while and Time will be no more :  
A gasp, a sob, perchance a parting sigh,  
The wail of friends, a mother's anguished cry,  
And then a hush. All eager to explore

The dreadful secrets of the spirit-world,  
My life will flit across the waters dark  
Which 'tween the Present and the Future roll.  
They call me : see, the sails are all unfurled !  
Sweet angels, to the port conduct my bark,  
And Thou, O Lord, receive my storm-tossed soul !













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